

# Relatively Unimportant, Extremely Typical

**A**LBERT EINSTEIN, who maintained a pose of dignified silence in the face of his scientific accusers while in the United States, has broken into most undignified speech immediately upon his return to Europe.

Knowledge of what he is and the traditional ill-manneredness of which he is an heir, this exhibition of boorishness was not unexpected.

Disgust with Einstein is somewhat an old thrill, because his plagiarism is so manifest and his fame is so directly the result of the circus-advertising instinct of his race. But a new emotion divides it now: What about those nose-led Americans who, in obedience to the swarthy New York ruling race, bowed down and worshipped Einstein and chanted loudest in the chorus of his praise?

Their position is most humiliated. And rightly so. Every white man, who bows down to the swarthy ruling race of New York and elsewhere, gets his nose rubbed into it sooner or later. It is the traditional repayment which that race—and all inferior races—renders when a superior race makes a fool of itself.

Mr. Einstein was gloriously received in the United States. Even the cold photographs retain the glow of passionate occasions. Literally over 150,000 persons, by comptometer count, swarmed round him on his arrival. He had not done anything for science, for the easement of human pain nor for the solution of life's pressing problems, yet he was received as a royalty of the realm of reason, while others who have found the way to healing or achievement for the common man have been allowed to enter and leave New York unheeded. Mr. Einstein, by the way, left New York unheeded—there were half a dozen persons on the piers—which should, perhaps, be borne in mind.

Mr. Einstein was given the freedom of New York, under protest, and was refused the freedom of Boston, but the universities received him gladly and decked him with their doctorates. The press, in response to swarthy local committees, shouted itself hoarse. Clothing lofts poured out their Red intellectuals by the thousand, and taking it all in all the publicity manager of Mr. Einstein's stunt did a good job—until—scientists began to ask Einstein questions.

The only recorded answer which Einstein made to any but adulatory remarks while in the United States, was, "See my secretary." American collegians and scientists, philosophers and literary men besought him; others with the "goods on him" openly challenged him; but surrounded by a swarthy ring that made everybody believe that a slight to Einstein was equal to sacrilege against the Holy of Holies on Mt. Zion, he maintained his silence and, supposedly, his dignity. That last, however, is not known. He left the United States rather unexpectedly.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is glad to say that it was one—perhaps not the only one—of the papers that were not taken in by the Einstein publicity managers. It is glad to remember also that it gave much-needed space to a scientific critic of Einstein's theory, who had been refused space elsewhere. A roster of the publications which were afraid of the swarthy crowd around Einstein gives much food for publication.

Therefore, perhaps, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is not so embarrassed as are the Einstein devotees by the attack upon America which the professor has made. Not so embarrassed as, say, the *Scientific American*.

Mr. Einstein's charges are as follows: (1) That America is too exaggerated in its enthusiasm. "This exaggerated enthusiasm for me and my work struck me as being a genuinely and peculiarly American phenomenon"; (2) that Americans are bored; (3) that America suffers from poverty in intellectual things; (4) that most American men think of nothing but work; (5) that the rest of the men are mere lap dogs for indolent women; (6) "that women dominate the entire life of America"; (7) that our excitement over the theory of relativity was "comic"; (8) that the only real American scientist lives in Chicago and is a Jew!

As complete a slap in the face as the swarthy tribe has ever handed a white people!

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, pen-sentinel of the tribe, who held Mr. Einstein up as an example too lofty for Americans to emulate, yet to be worshipfully gazed upon as a distant and unattainable star, was plainly up against it.

Many people think that Mr. Brisbane is himself distantly connected by racial ties with people of Mr. Einstein's type, but others are assured that he is not. It is unfortunate, if he is not, because his admiration of the tribe is so great that assertion of his belonging to it would not be construed by him as an insult, but rather as a high compliment. Some people have commented on the name "Brisbane," saying that its Hebrew form is Brith Ben, or "son of the covenant." The name Einstein is not as Hebrew as is Brisbane; Einstein is German for "one stone."

It was rather hard, therefore, after standing sponsor for Einstein in all the Hearst papers and before the American public, to have Einstein hurl his insult across the sea. What did Mr. Brisbane do then, quoth the little bird? Did he turn to his ever-present Hebrew secretary for inspiration as he often has done before? History may never know.

But it is certain that something stirred within Mr. Brisbane's breast, something American, something angry and tipped with truth; and there hurtled through his mobile mind with the clarifying turbulence and light of an electric storm, this luminous thought: "No wonder Einstein thinks thus of America; all that Einstein saw of America was the Jews!" (Wild shrieks of "pogrom! pogrom!" ringing through the darker recesses of Brisbane's brain!) "That's it—that's how

to explain it; he didn't see America at all—he just saw Jews."

Lest the reader should think that statement too great a strain on his credulity, we hasten to offer, what we always have on hand in these matters, the evidence. Behold it!

## Today

Einstein's Views.

What of the 5,000,000?

Valuable "Devil's Finger."

Hopeful Mr. Herrick.

By ARTHUR BRISBANE.

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Prof. Einstein, of the relativity theory, returned home, says:

First, he is amused by the wild enthusiasm of the entire American nation in greeting him. What Prof. Einstein saw, without knowing it, was the extremely enthusiastic welcome of his co-religionists. Our citizens of Jewish blood delight at another demonstration, in Einstein's person, of the ability of their race. It was Jewish enthusiasm that the professor witnessed, and there is no greater enthusiasm than that.

It is a good explanation of the whole Einstein criticism.

Moreover, it is true. Outside an occasional university president and Senate, the white mayors and governors en route, once the President of the United States, the professor did not meet many Americans. He did not greatly want to meet Americans. Americans are inclined to sit in judgment first, and that spelled danger.

He has simply made the same error which others have made, in not properly distinguishing between racial strains of blood.

Einstein's charge about the comic enthusiasm is absolutely true; scores of photographs confirm the facts. But who furnished the enthusiasm? A little more candor on Einstein's part would have made that clear. As a long, long benefit of the doubt, it may be agreed that perhaps Mr. Einstein may have mentioned his co-nationalists in this respect, and it may have been changed to "Americans." But probably not. If it had been changed to "Americans" from an original other, it would have made it rather difficult for certain newspapers who bow the knee to the tribe; especially in view of the fact that 75 per cent of the advertising in United States newspapers is paid for by the tribe. Jack Lait once said, "The department store is the bulwark of free speech!" And he ought to know.

The tribe did make fools of themselves over Einstein. They made a fool of him, too. Now he makes a fool of both by describing the tribal defects and ascribing them to "Americans." What a plot for screaming farce by Morry Gest!

Mr. Brisbane is right. He is wrong on nearly everything else he tries to say on the related subject, but he is right in his analysis of Mr. Einstein's opinion of America is the result of his having seen only Jews. Some foreign governments are suffering from the same mis-view of us.

The Brisbane explanation of the Einstein theory of Americans may be applied all down the line. "The intellectual poverty" he noticed is also due to the fact that all he saw of American intellect was Jewish. The tribe does not originate ideas; it grabs them and exploits them. The tribe is not at home in the study, but on the stage. In art it simply steals ideas and elaborates them. In music it performs, but does not create. In law, it manipulates, but does not clarify great principles. In politics it is opportunist. Intellectual bankruptcy may

co-exist with a very pert knowledge of what the schools teach, and the tribe is quite expert at possessing, itself of that—all white man's knowledge, by the way.

And so on through the charges. The Brisbane explanation is hereby unanimously adopted: Prof. Einstein thinks what he does and says what he did because what he saw was not America but Jews. He couldn't see America for the swarthy swarm that smothered him. And what is worse, hundreds of thousands—millions—of that swarm have never seen America either, and never will, for the same reason.

The Jews are strangely silent on the criticism. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise—in the Yiddish papers they spell it correctly, Weisz—refuses to comment. The tribal elders of the New York Board of Aldermen who fought for the freedom of the city for Mr. Einstein just as boldly as they fight for legally imposed social equality where they are not wanted, don't like to discuss it either.

Prof. Rautenstrauch is rather gentle in his comment: "His visit to this country was of too brief duration and his contacts while here were too narrow." Second half of answer is right. It doesn't take long to know Americans: 10 minutes is the average time for striking up a real human kind of acquaintance here, and Einstein was with us weeks and weeks—but—"his contacts while here were too narrow." For reference, Mr. Brisbane's comment again.

Einstein's tribalists cannot answer; it is an outbreak of bad manners, rank contemptuousness and untruth which is indefensible. Einstein never was a great scientist; now we know he is not even an ordinarily passable individual.

What puzzles the *Washington Post* is the reason for Einstein staying on in the country after he had found what a detestable place it was; and why he went on accumulating university degrees and other academic honors when he had formed so low an opinion of our institutions, and when the only scholar he could find in the United States was a Jew out in Chicago.

It's a somewhat honest wail the *Post* puts forth:

"Why did Prof. Einstein not discover after a few days' stay in America his impressions and then make a speedy return to his haven? Why did he accept the attentions and awards from municipalities and educational institutions if he questioned their sincerity?"

The answer is simple, but the *Post* doesn't give it.

The answer is given in "blank" verse by a poet on this page.

LATER BULLETIN—Word comes from Amsterdam that Prof. Einstein did not say it. He is still dazed by the good will of America, still has the glory of America in his eyes, and so on. The difference is that the first story came under the names of responsible correspondents and through the channels of responsible newspapers; while the second story comes orphaned—probably from the Jewish Telegraph Agency, which is the associated press of international Jewry. The agency has not been functioning very much of late, the principal reason being that it cannot send long and harrowing dispatches about "pogroms" and be believed any more, because there are too many neutral observers in the "pogrom zone."

There are no pogroms, but there is this: *There is the sale for money of goods bought by the charity of the American people, mostly the American church people.* The agency, however, doesn't deal in facts of that kind.

It is rather singular that none of the tribe's dailies doubted the first Einstein report. They knew how delightfully and characteristically racial it was, how perfectly natural. They took it for granted.

However, the Einstein matter is a mere speck on the racing river of events, yet it shows something of the tendency of the river. No one has a license to feel badly over it, except the scientific publications that didn't have the intestinal integrity to challenge the man in the name of science; the universities that did not dare keep him off their list of honors; the society people who fêted the rather mangy lion; and the plain and more honest members of the tribe who thought Einstein might generously reflect a little glory on them. He hasn't.

### Things One Cannot Print

(Obviously done in blank verse.)

In writing for the Editors  
Telling funny news,  
Omit from all you chance to say  
Mention of the South Americans.

Where'er you feel the writing urge  
Why write what'er you choose,  
Except you must not write at all  
About our friends the Italians.

If verses fill your soul with song  
Turn fondly to your Muse,  
But do not let her lead you far;  
Sing not about the British.

If funny stories fill your head  
And you would but amuse,  
Why keep them laughing by all means,  
But not about the Greeks.

Fill up the page with anecdotes,  
Tell anything that's new  
But let no story that you tell  
Poke fun at any Syrian.

You'll only tire your massive brain.  
Your time you'll surely lose,  
If you submit to Editors  
Stories on the French.

I'm greatly hampered in my work,  
My stuff they all refuse,  
Because the stories that I tell  
Are often on the Swiss.

I should be paid for what I write,  
My lawyer says to sue,  
And that is what so puzzles me  
For he, too, is a Belgian.

—New York Herald, July 3, 1921.